



# Love your Real



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## Chapter 1 by Unspoken Wordz

No sleep for the lonely, no play for the fake and phony  
And no love for those who try to take ur mess and use it as a Kevlar vest to protect themselves  
No break for the weary, no time for dreary  
And even less for those who find humor in the things or people u hold dearly  
Shit is be coming all too clear that no one truly wants to embrace and love what is real  
Anymore as each day passes we end up living in fear of losing someone or something that we  
just knew would always be there  
And its sad to see more and more ppl r making a deal wit the devil thinking that punishment  
wont be that severe  
Cant tell me Im not fully aware of what I see  
But no matter how much I beg and plead for yall to just sit and listen to me it all falls on deaf  
ears  
Then u wonder why it is u end up feeling what u feel  
Im not a prophet nor am I a saint by any means  
Im just simply a soul who was blessed with the ability to be able too feel more than I see  
And the things I do see is the little details u thought would fall on blind eyes;  
But all I can do is pray for everyone of u, the way I know u arent praying for me  
Like I said shit is all too clear that no one is here to listen to and hear the truth of something that  
may not perfect  
But has definitely grown to embrace and love her kinda real  
No crew, no team not a mufukka standing behind me or riding wit me....

Just me seeking the beauty and the real in those I know now and those I continue to watch  
grow

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